

Auf. He approaches, you shall heare him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier :
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence : but still subsisting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I haue attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome : Our spoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no lesse Honor to the *Antiates*
Then shame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliuer
Subscrib'd by th' Consuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a th Senat, what
We haue compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio. *Martius*?

Auf. I *Martius*, *Caius Martius* : Do'st thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?

You Lords and Heads a th' State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome :
I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counsaile a th' warre : But at his Nurfes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Measurelesse Lyar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that euer
I was forc'd to scould. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Must giue this Curre the Lye : and his owne Notion,
Who weares my stripes imprest vpon him, that
Must beare my beating to his Graue, shall ioyn
To thrust the Lye vnto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound :
If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I

Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles*.
Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this vnholly Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Consp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently :
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cofine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace hoe : no outrage, peace :
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o th' earth : His last offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six *Aufidiuses*, or more :
His Tribe, to vse my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Insolent Villaine.

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*Draw both the Conspirators, and kils Martius, who
falls, Aufidius stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Masters, heare me speake.

1 Lord. O *Tullus*.

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3 Lord. Tread not vpon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My selfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauiest Censure.

1 Lord. Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2 Lord. His owne impatience,
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame :
Let's make the Best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am stricke with sorrow. Take him vp :
Helpe three a th' cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one,
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully :
Traile your Steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. *Affist.*

*Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March
Sounded.*

FINIS.



The Lamentable Titus Andronicus

Actus Primus. Scena

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then
enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore,
and Bassianus and his Followers at the
other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.

I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome :
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right :

If euer *Bassianus*, *Casars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepeth then this passage to the Capitoll :
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue : consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility :
But let Desert in pure Election shine ;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that strue by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery :
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pious*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
Lives not this day within the City Wallles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoked a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he undertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.